The Myrtle.

"INSTEAD OF THE BRIER SHALL COME UP THE MYRTLE TREE." ISA. LV. 13.

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For the Myrtle.

A Concert Piece,

FOR DEPARTING SPRING AND OPENING SUMMER.

[Enter a young miss wearing a wreath of Spring flowers, and a group of children with flowers.]

Children sing.—

Our time how short, how faint our breath!
We fade ere Summer's glow;
With fairy trace we've graced the earth,
Now, faintly fading, go.

Though brief and frail the life we've breathed,
'Twas sweet with tender love;
When Summer's gayer blooms are wreathed
And you mid them shall rove,

Forget us not, though faint our hue,
We children of the Spring;
O keep our memory fond and true,
For love to thee we sing.

We've bloomed our moment's fragrant life
And droop with sunny May,
We braved the stormy March of life,
And now we fade away.

[*They slowly pass out to music.*]

Spring sings.—

Farewell, farewell, O lovely earth!
My bright, brief reign has ended;
I brought thee buds and song and mirth,
Alas! that tears are blended.

My fairy troop has gone before,
I now must follow after;
Ah me! my bright brief reign is o'er,
I hear the Summer's laughter!

She brings thee more of earthly good,
And many a richer blessing,
In waving grain and deepening wood
And fruits, her love expressing.

Farewell, farewell, I may not stay,
Not e'en a moment longer;
I can but haste away, away,
Each breath the call grows stronger.

[*As she retires slowly, Summer meets her, and Spring sings the first verse of Summer's song as an introduction. Five children follow Summer. All are wreathed with roses.*]

Lo! regal Summer, gorgeous queen,
Bedecked in flowery, brilliant sheen;
Her footprints leave a rosy trace,
She comes in beauty, joy, and grace.

[*Exit Spring.*]

Summer sings.—

I softly wave my magic wand
And glowing beauty wreathes the land;
One tender touch allures the vine
Around my mystic arms to twine.
My spirit breathes o'er leafless bowers,
And lo! they bloom with sudden flowers;
I stately roam the forest aisles
And quick the dimpling laurel smiles.

I climb the proudest mountain side,
In lonesome vales I coyly hide,
And all the world in beauty gleams
Amid the splendor of my beams.

Beneath my deep blue, sunny sky
The broad green pastures deepening lie;
But fairer o'er the fertile plain
Are my rich fields of waving grain!

[*Children recite each a verse, holding the flowers to which they allude.*]

Rose.—

Thy darling flower, O queen, I bring,
The rose; its beauty all hearts sing.
We love its sweets, nor heed its thorn,
But with its grace our lives adorn.

Lily.—

I bring the lily, pure and bright,
Fair symbol of a spirit bright,
It softly whispers unto me,
"O, keep thy heart in purity."

Daisy.—

Daisies from the flowery pastures,
Which the haughty never heed;
Yet their life of modest beauty
Answers unto some hearts' need.

[*Two recite a line alternately till the last two, which are in concert.*]

I come adorned with proudest vine,
And I with simple morning-glory;
My life is rich with purple wine,
The morn and dew are my life's story.
But each may sing its nature's song
In truth and duty pass along.

Summer and Children sing.—

Farewell! when the Summer's o'er
And her singing lips are mute,
If you've been a faithful sower,
You shall gather golden fruit.
Toiling in the fields of duty
You will find abundant yield;
Up and sow your seeds of beauty,
All the world shall be your field!

[*They slowly retire. The whole school takes up the next verse in chorus.*]

We will watch and falter never,
Till the harvest time be o'er,
We will toil in patience ever,
Till we reap the golden store.
All the while be gaily singing,
In the happy, blessed strife,—
All the while our voices ringing
Through the summer fields of life.

Mrs. C. A. Riley.

Who does the Whipping at your House?

A LITTLE four-year old boy asked a lady who was visiting his mother, if she had any papa. "No," answered the lady, "I have no papa now."

After thinking a little while, he looked up into her face seriously and asked, "Who does de whippin' at your house, den?"

Many little boys are interested in that question, and many fathers may find in it something to think about.—*Children's Advocate.*

For the Myrtle.

Bessie's Hat.

BESSIE is the name of a dear little girl whom I know. She is six years old, and she has golden hair and cheeks that look just like a flower, the name of which begins with *p* and ends with *k*, and has four letters in it. Now I think all the little boys and girls who read this story can tell me what that flower is, and so know how Bessie's cheeks look.

Bessie has a brother Fred who is ten years old whom she loves very dearly, and they have happy times together. Fred thinks there is no one like his little sister. He drags her to school on his pretty sled in the winter, and when there is no snow she rides in a little box cart.

Fred made this little cart himself. He went to the store and begged a large box; then he made some wheels out of a board and put them on the box, and the cart was all done.

But, though Fred loved his little sister so much, he liked to tease her once in a while, which was very naughty in him, and Bessie sometimes found it very hard not to lose her temper. He would hide her prettiest picture book, and when Bessie wanted it, she would have to search for it a long time, and Fred would look on with eyes brimful of fun; then when he thought she had looked long enough, he would tell her where it was. Bessie almost always bore all this very pleasantly, and Fred would feel so sorry because he had done such an unkind act, that he would say to himself, "I will never tease sister Bessie again." Though Fred *did* mean what he said, he would often forget and would do the very thing which he did not mean to do.

Bessie had been wishing a long time for a hat with some roses in it, so one day when her mother went into the city, she brought home to her little girl a white hat trimmed with blue ribbons and pink rosebuds. When Bessie opened the cover of the box in which it was, she was delighted, and thought she had never seen anything so pretty.

About two weeks after this, one Wednesday afternoon, they were to go to a fair with their mother. They hurried home from school, and they could hardly keep still long enough to eat dinner, they were so happy at the thought of going to a fair.

At length they were all dressed, and Bessie

went singing and skipping up stairs to get her new hat. She opened the drawer where it was kept and saw, as she took off the covering, that the pretty pink rosebuds were all gone and there was nothing left but some little tufts of white cotton. She flew down stairs with the hat in her hand and stood before her mother, her eyes flashing and her cheeks red with anger.

"Naughty, wicked boy!" she cried out, then bursting into tears she threw herself on the sofa and sobbed aloud.

"Oh, Fred, Fred, how could you have done it!" she said between the sobs.

"Oh, sister Bessie, I didn't do it," said Fred, beginning to cry too.

"Who could have done it then, Fred?"

"I don't know," said Fred, "only I'm sure it wasn't I."

Then their mother, who had been looking at the hat meanwhile, said,

"Children, I think I can tell you what has become of the pretty rosebuds."

"Oh, mamma, *who* has taken them?" cried Bessie eagerly.

"*No one* has taken them, Bessie," said her mother, "and mamma is very sorry that her little girl has been so hasty."

Then Bessie hid her face in her mother's lap and said,

"Please forgive me, mamma, and Freddie please forgive me too. I am very, very sorry."

"Please forgive *me*, sister Bessie," said Fred, "for if I had never hidden your playthings you would never have thought I took the flowers."

Then the children kissed each other, and their mother kissed them too, and they were happy again.

"But, mamma, you haven't told us what has become of the flowers," said Bessie.

"I will tell you to-morrow, my child," her mother said, and now we will see if we can make the little hat look better."

Soon mamma had trimmed the hat so that Bessie thought it looked almost as pretty as it did when the flowers were on it, and they went to the fair and had such a pleasant time that Bessie forgot all about her hat.

The next day when the children came home from school, their mamma asked them to go up stairs with her, for she had something to show them. They wondered what it could be, but their mother went right to the closet where Bessie had kept her hat, and opening the drawer, told the children to look in. "Here," she said, "are the little thieves that took the rosebuds."

"Oh, mamma, mamma," cried both the children as they looked into the drawer and saw three tiny mice caught in a trap.

"How pretty they are," said Bessie, "and what a nice supper they must have had. Only think, a supper of rosebuds! I am very sorry for you little mice, and we will not give you to kitty, but will bury you out under the old apple tree and it will help me to remember not to get angry so quickly again."

So Bessie and Fred took the three little mice and buried them under the apple tree, and Fred took paper and pencil and wrote a rhyme, then he pasted it on a little chip and put it at the head of the mound. Here it is:

Here lie three little mice
With coats of gray so sleek and nice,
Who ate the buds on Bessie's hat,
And so all three were caught in a trap.

They called their mamma to come out and look at it, and she smiled as she read it and said,

"How long will this help my little girl to keep her temper?"

"Oh, mamma, I will ask God in my prayer each night and morning to help me keep my temper," said Bessie.

She did so and I do not think she has ever been so hasty since that time, and Fred has never teased his little sister either, and I hope such a sorrowful time will never happen to them again.

M. C. Schouler.

The Time Table.

How many seconds in a minute?
Sixty, and no more in it.

How many minutes in an hour?
Sixty for sun and shower.

How many hours in a day?
Twenty-four for work and play.

How many days in a week?
Seven both to hear and speak.

How many weeks in a month?
Four, as the swift moon runn'th.

How many months in a year?
Twelve, the almanac makes clear.

How many years in an age?
One hundred, says the sage.

How many ages in time?
No one knows the rhyme.

Rossetti.

For the Myrtle.

The Pudding.

SING, sing, pudding-bag string
Tie up the pudding to boil;"
This is the song the children sing
Watching their mother's toil.

They watched the milk go into the pan
They beat the eggs to a froth,
And Nelly after the twine-ball ran
And Jennie buttered the cloth.

And now they stand in a jolly ring
Singing with all their might,
"Sing, sing, pudding-bag string,
Tie up the pudding—tight."

H. A. B.

For the Myrtle.

Practicing for the Jubilee.

LITTLE folks are only big folks in miniature, and whatever is said or done by father and mother, or big brothers and sisters is as sure to be copied by the children as it is sure that they have eyes and ears to see and hear.

Do you suppose there could be a Peace Jubilee with parents and uncles and aunts practicing in the choruses, without a great many small rehearsals in nurseries and on door-steps and out under apple trees? Then you have something to learn about children.

For my part I am entertained daily with a small jubilee chorus practicing under my window. It consists of two small girls, a small boy and a dog, with an indefinite number of doll-babies for audience. The brother leads, the sister sing, and the dog howls. And the music as heard above is enchanting. I think it must be the Meddlesome Society, by the look of the books they sing from; or it may be the Handle Un-heeding, as I suspect from the finger marks they leave on the pages. But whatever its name may be, it is a famous chorus, and will no doubt sit in the very front seats of the Jubilee.

They are just now rehearsing "All we like sheep." Only they persist in singing it, "We all like sheep," and little Minnie says for her part she likes lambs better. Oh, such slurs and trills and quavers as may be heard on "We have turn-ed!" And every time they begin on a "We have turn-ed," they turn over a leaf with great flourish. In this way they soon sing through the book. And all the while the dog keeps up a low and mournful accompaniment as if the antics of those sheep were a great grief to him.

But we are going to have a change in the programme. I observed a great calm in certain cribs and small beds last night while the company in the parlor were singing, "He gave them hailstones." It was the little pitchers with the large ears, drinking in knowledge for future uses. To-day we get the benefit of it; they reach the last leaf of "We have turn-ed," and slap go the books together, and new ones come out, and the leader raps on the fence and says, "Now we'll sing 'He give 'em Hail Columby!'"

H. A. B.

Trust.

THE child leans on its parent's breast,
Leaves there its cares, and is at rest;
The bird sits singing by his nest,
And tells aloud
His trust in God, and so is blest
'Neath every cloud.

He hath no store, he sows no seed,
Yet sings aloud, and doth not heed;
By flowing streams or grassy mead,
He sings to shame
Men who forget, in fear of need,
A Father's name.

The heart that trusts forever sings,
And feels as light as it had wings;
A well of peace within it springs;
Come good or ill,
Whate'er to-day, to-morrow brings,
It is His will!

Good News.

The Way to Speak to Boys.

MANY years ago, a certain minister was going one Sunday morning to his school-room. He walked through a number of streets, and as he turned a corner he saw, assembled around a pump, a party of little boys, playing at marbles. On seeing him approach, they began to pick up their marbles and run away as fast as they could. One little fellow, not having seen him as soon as the rest, before he could succeed in gathering up his marbles the minister had come close to him and placed his hand on his shoulder. They were face to face, the minister of God and the poor little ragged boy, who had been caught in the act of playing marbles on Sunday morning. And how did the minister deal with the boy? That is what I want you to notice.

He might have said to him, "What are you doing here? You are breaking the Sabbath! Don't you deserve to be punished?"

But he did nothing of the kind. He simply said, "Have you found all your marbles?"

"No," said the boy, "I haven't."

"Then," said the minister, "I'll help you."

Whereupon he knelt down and began to look for the marbles; and as he did so, he remarked, "I liked to play at marbles when I was a little boy very much, and I think I can beat you; but," added he, "I never play marbles on Sunday."

The little boy's attention was now arrested. He liked his friend's face, and began to wonder who he was. The minister said:

"I'm going to a place where I think you would like to be; will you come with me?"

Said the boy, "Where do you live?"

"In such and such a place," was the answer.

"Why, that's the minister's house!" exclaimed the boy, as he did not suppose that a kind man and a minister of the Gospel could be the same person.

"Yes," said the man, "I am the minister myself; and if you'll come with me, I think I can do you some good."

"Said the boy, "My hands are dirty; I cannot go."

"But," said the minister, "here's a pump—why not wash?"

"Said the boy, "I'm so little I can't wash and pump at the same time."

"Well," said the minister, "If you'll wash, I'll pump."

He at once set to work; and pumped, and pumped, and pumped, and the boy washed his hands and face till they were quite clean.

Said the boy, "My hands are wringing wet, and I don't know how to dry 'em."

The minister pulled out a clean pocket-handkerchief and offered to the boy.

Said the boy, "But it's clean.'

"Yes," was the reply, "but it was made to be dirtied."

The boy dried his hands and face with the handkerchief and then accompanied the minister to the door of the Sunday School.

Twenty years after, the minister was walking in the street of a large cit', when a tall man tapped him on the shoulder, and looking into his face, said, "You don't remember me."

"No," said the minister, "I don't."

"Do you remember twenty years ago, finding a little boy playing marbles round a pump? Do you remember that boy's being too dirty to go to school, and you pumped for him, and speaking kindly to him and taking him to school?"

"Oh," said the minister, "I do remember."

"Sir," said the gentleman, "I was that boy. I rose in business and became a leading man. I have attained a good position in society; and on seeing you to-day in the street, I felt bound to come to you and say that it is to your kindness, and wisdom, and Christian discretion—to your having dealt with me persuasively, that I owe, under God, all that I have attained, and that I am at the present day."—*Unitarian Herald.*

The Wasp and the Bee.

A WASP met a bee that was just buzzing by,
And he said, "Little cousin, can you tell me why
You are loved so much better by people than I?

My back shines as bright and as yellow as gold,
And my shape is most elegant, too, to behold,
Yet nobody likes me for that, I am told."

"Ah! cousin," the bee said, "'tis all very true,
But if I had half as much mischief to do,
Indeed, they would like me no better than you.

You have a fine shape and a delicate wing;
They own you are handsome, but then there's one thing
They cannot put up with, and that is your sting.

My coat is quite homely and plain, as you see,
Yet nobody is ever angry with me,
Because I'm a humble and innocent bee."

From this little story let people beware:
Because, like the wasp, if ill-natured they are,
They will never be loved if they're ever so fair.

Our Sunday Schools.

MASSACHUSETTS.

—The Easter decorations at Salem are thus described:—"The exhibition of beautiful and fragrant flowers was incomparably finer than any we ever saw upon an Easter festival. Indeed, the display would not have discredited a late Sunday in June. Conspicuous among the numerous contributions, was a large cross closely filled with exquisitely beautiful roses, very fine and of varied hue and rarest quality. Another cross, larger still, filled with superb calla lillies attracted much attention, while the pulpit and four or five tables around it were filled with equally beautiful collections, affording a rare show of floral beauty for this inclement season."

The afternoon was given to the children. "Including assistance from the choir and brief familiar addresses from the pastor, were concert and select singing by the School, and the presentation of emblems, with appropriate texts by many of the older pupils. Last and least, yet greatest, (this is not a paradox) was a piano performance by a dear little girl not over four years old; a prelude to a tune with which she led off, for four or five verses in exact time, the tiny voices of her classmates in the infant department. The little dot exhibited her accomplishments still further by singing a song to the accompaniment of a tall one a little older than herself. Although the storm was one of the worst of the season, the church was filled in every part. Our good old parish and its noble Sunday School are enjoying a high degree of prosperity under the ministry of their excellent and beloved pastor, Dr. Bolles."

—Since the fitting up of the church in South Adams, which was rededicated last week, a new interest is remarked in the Sunday School. This is not wholly the influence of better quarters, but the fruit of the earnest toil of pastor and teachers.

MAINE.

—The Sunday School at Turner has lost within a few months two most promising young girls growing up into womanhood—Julia F. Staples, aged fifteen years, nine months, and Ella May Bradford, aged fifteen years, five months. Their pastor writes to the *Banner*, with the notice of their death,—"May and Julia were *good* girls, attentive Sunday School scholars, and their memories are well worthy the warmest place in the affections of the households from which they were called. While living, the two were 'mates,' firm in their youthful friendships, and happy in one another's love. Shall we say less of them now?"

OHIO.

—The pastor at Flint writes in general terms that the Sunday School work there continues to prosper. That is as good news as can be told, but we would like particulars of the prosperity.

———A Sabbath School teacher gave out this lesson to her class,—"What proof can you give that the Bible was written by good men?" A little girl four years old replied, "*Bad* men would not have written so much against themselves!"

What Good will It do Us?

"What good will religion do us?" Some very thoughtless persons sometimes ask this question. And we answer and say, the religion of Christ, my dear friend, will make you rich." "Godliness is profitable." This is what the Bible says. It has "the promise of the life that now is and of that which is to come." True goodness—true righteousness is the best possession we can have in any world. There is no true spiritual life anywhere in the universe without it. They who do not have it cannot be rich, they who do have it cannot be poor.

"What good will religion do us?" Let us ask what good will food do a hungry man, or water a thirsty one? Anybody who can answer this question can answer the other one also.

Will and Will Not.

We read in the Scriptures of what God will do. Let our young readers remember it.

"Who *will* have all men to be saved, and to come unto the knowledge of the truth." 1 Tim. ii. 1.

"The Lord *will not* cast off forever; but though he cause grief, yet will he have compassion according to the multitude of his tender mercies" Sam. iii. 30, 31.

These are plain statements We can believe what our heavenly Father has thus spoken, and give thanks to him for

——"that grace
Which sanctifies and saves our race."

Get another Scholar.

Yes, my young friend, whoever you are, if you go to the Sabbath School and are happy there, and would like to see your school growing larger, just see how often you can find some boy or girl of your acquaintance, or in your neighborhood, or town, or city, who can be easily persuaded to go with you, and take a place in some good class in your school. You will thus do good in three ways. You will make yourself better by seeking to benefit another; you will confer a favor upon the new scholar; and you will be adding to the interest and prosperity of the school. Then go right about this good work. See where and how soon you can find another scholar.

A Word to Teachers.

There are always some scholars in the Sunday School who need to have certain words of their lessons explained to them. A lady teacher in Dublin says; "I once asked an intelligent young girl if she knew what the word 'hallowed' meant. 'Oh! yes, ma'am,' she answered, 'it is to bawl out loud!' Similar mistakes may be recalled by most who have been accustomed to teach previously uneducated or very young scholars." Teachers should be sure to ascertain by thorough and intelligent questioning if their scholars have any idea of the meaning of words as commonly used as those in the Lord's prayer.

———If we could only have all the money spent yearly in this country for strong drink and tobacco, we might have enough to feed and clothe and educate poor children, to distribute Bibles, and to build Christian churches, O how many of them!

———A good pastor says he once asked a little child how she came to be a Christian, and was answered: "Why, I just seed the door open, and I went in." Who could give a better reason for entering the fold?

Life of the Saviour.

LESSON LXXXIV

THE PARABLE OF THE UNJUST JUDGE.

"Pray without ceasing."

SCRIPTURE,—Luke xviii. 1–14.

Question. — Respecting what duty did Christ speak to his disciples by parable?

Answer. — Luke xviii. 1.

Q. — What was the character of the judge?

A. — Luke xviii. 2.

Q. — Who came to him to obtain justice?

A. — Luke xviii. 3.

Q. — From what motive did he do justice to the widow?

A. — Luke xviii. 5.

Q. — If an unjust judge will do justly to rid himself of constant appeals for it, what will God, who loves men, do for those who ask his help?

A. — Luke xviii. 7.

Q. — Will God wait for long and constant appeal before he will do justly?

A. — Luke xviii. 8.

Q. — What parable did Jesus give to those who were over confident of enjoying the favor of God?

A. — Luke xviii. 10.

Q. — How did the Pharisee pray?

A. — Luke xviii. 11.

Q. — With whom did he compare himself in his self-righteousness?

A. — Luke xviii. 11.

Q. — How often did he say he fasted?

A. — Luke xviii. 12.

NOTE. The law of Moses required but one fast in a year. Levit. xvi. 29; Numb. xix. 7. He was doing a hundred times more than the law of God required, supposing he was putting Heaven under great obligations to him.

Q. — What did he say in his prayer respecting tithes?

A. — Luke xviii. 12.

NOTE. The suggestion is that the Pharisee assumed the attitude and put on the gestures of one full of confidence and boasting.

Q. — What shows the humility of the publican?

A. — Luke xviii. 13.

NOTE. Some Pharisees were so punctilious that they gave a tenth of every little growth of vegetables in their gardens.

Q. — What did the publican say?

A. — Luke xviii. 13.

Q. — Did the publican turn from his devotions with a deeper sense of the divine favor?

A. — Luke xviii. 14.

Q. — What shall be the blessing of him who humbleth himself?

A. — Luke xviii. 14.

Q. — What shall be the reward of him who exalteth himself?

A. — Luke xviii. 14.

NOTE. The way to greatness is by faithful discharge of duty to God and man, however lowly the way and however despised the duty. Christ's way to universal dominion was by becoming a servant and enduring the cross.

Hidden Seed

Enigma.

HE wept at the tomb of Lazarus,
He spake and the sleeper arose;
He hid in a cave some prophets,
To save them from their foes.

He went to the prophet Elisha,
To be of his leprosy healed;
He spake the words which another
Unto him and through him revealed.

He sailed in the ark with his father,
When the earth was overflown;
He went to warn a great city
That it should be overthrown.

Little Sower.

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